

GUR ROSE

MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

1926

STENDAHL ART GALLERIES

Ambassador Hotel

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

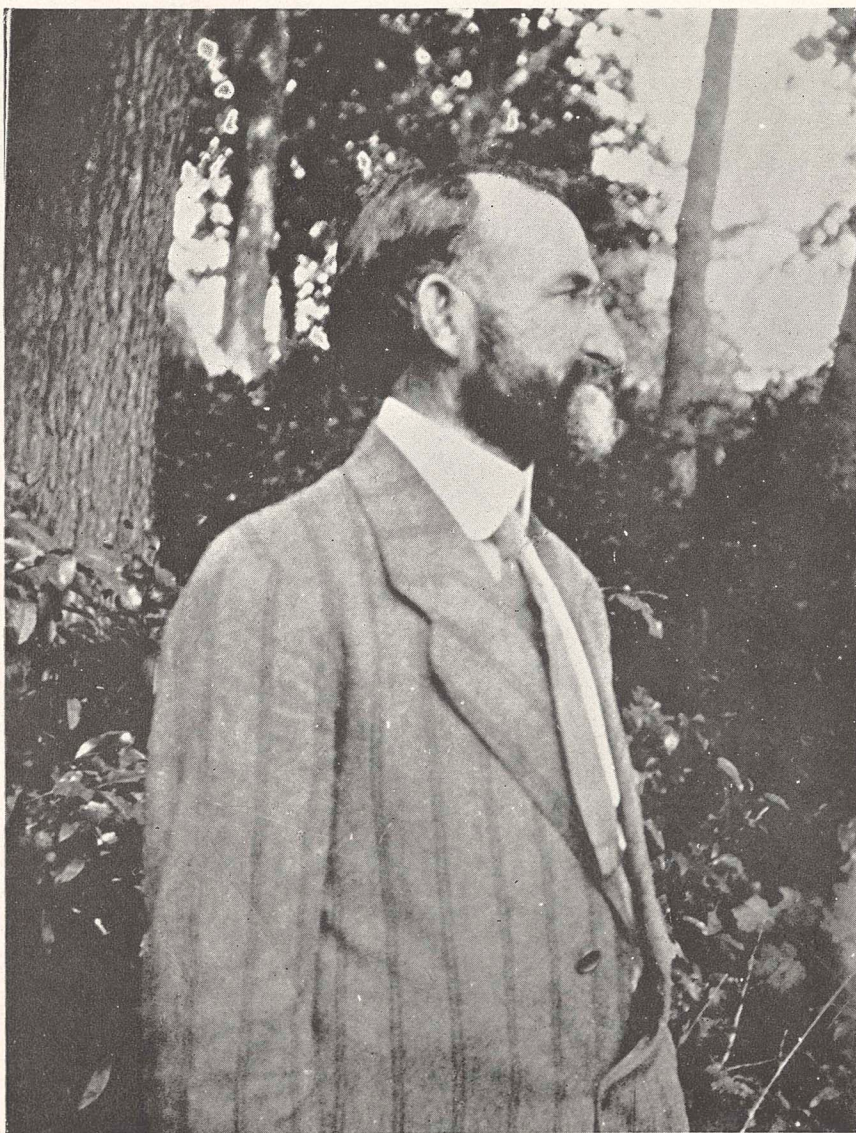
Catalogue
of the
Guy Rose Memorial

at the

Stendahl Art Galleries
Ambassador Hotel
Los Angeles, California

With an Appreciation of the Artist
by PEYTON BOSWELL
and a Sketch of His Life
by ANTHONY ANDERSON

February 16 to March 14, 1926



GUY ROSE

5/8/80

7-2-81

Gift of Severance A. Willikin

The Art of Guy Rose

By

PEYTON BOSWELL

Guy Rose had two native lands. The body of the man and the soul of him came into existence in California, but his art was born and nurtured in France, and his career had its beginning there. Artistically he was as much a son of France as was Monet, Renoir, Sisley or any of the great Impressionist school of painters. This is not minimizing America in the least, nor is there anything new in the circumstance. George Inness, this country's most famous painter, was almost as much a son of France in his art as was Guy Rose, although he did not study there; so was Inness' great colleagues, Alexander H. Wyant and Homer Martin; all three of them were Barbizon painters, owing the language of their brush to Corot and the men of Fontainebleau—Rousseau, Dupre, Daubigny and their compatriots. Another California artist, William Keith, was a Barbizon painter and hence filial to France. And before the Inness epoch, Stuart, West and Sully were, in their art, sons of England.

Among his American contemporaries Guy Rose had French brethren, John H. Twachtman, Theodore Robinson and J. Alden Weir, who preceded him in death, and Childe Hassam, who is still living. These five will rank as America's great exponents of French Impressionism. They were no less American for being artistically French. The language of art passes at will over the boundary lines of nations, just as does the language of music, and so the glory of origin rather than the glory of use remains to France. Some of Twachtman's pictures are equal in beauty to those of Monet and some of Guy Rose's landscapes are unsurpassed in the whole range of Impressionist painting. And the pictures of Twachtman and Rose have more appeal to Americans than do those of Monet, Sisley or Renoir, for, although the language of their art may have originated in Europe, their spirit was American and the beauty they created is the beauty that thrills the American heart. When he painted in France,

Guy Rose saw through the eyes of a Californian, and when he came back home the last time, ripe in technique and rich in the language of his art, he interpreted the beauty of California's mountains and deserts and colorful seacoast as only a Californian could who loved the things he painted with a feeling deeper than that inspired by beauty alone.

Twachtman and Robinson, pioneer Impressionists, bore the brunt of the fight for this school of painting in America. The public, always remorselessly conservative, never fails to oppose new modes of expression in art. It regards novelty as an insult to its established judgment and taste, and it meets the newcomer either with resentment and hate or with something equally deadly, apathy, and it used both methods against Twachtman and Robinson. The public could see nothing whatever in those canvasses scintillating with light that are now almost priceless, because it had not been trained to see light; it wanted a subject that could be felt and sensed materially, the sort of thing it was in the habit of enjoying. So it allowed both Twachtman and Robinson to die unappreciated except by a few rare and sensitive souls. But by and by the public began to see, as it always does, and when a younger man came along, glorifying light and painting pictures in vibrating color, it took him to its heart and made Childe Hassam one of the most successful artists of the age. It showered honors upon him and bought his pictures for high prices—while he was alive.

Guy Rose might have had a material success similar to that which Childe Hassam now enjoys, and he might even have continued to live and create beauty (for the poison of neglect is as deadly as the lead poison the doctors say killed him), were it not for two things. First, when he concluded his work in France he returned to his native California, whose people had not had the opportunity to develop an understanding and appreciation of his viewpoint as had the people of the East who already were familiar with the cult of light through the paintings of Twachtman, Robinson and Hassam and, even, through those of its great French exemplars, Monet, Sisley and Pissarro; consequently, Californians for years were inclined to let his pictures alone, preferring canvasses whose charm was of the more obvious kind. Second, Guy Rose was at heart a lyric poet, whose picture poems had for their themes certain aspects of nature that were at once

the most delicate and the most evanescent,—phases to which only the most vibrant and sensitive spirits could become attuned. He sought to show Californians a beauty in their surroundings of which even themselves were not aware, harmonies as rare almost as “the music of the spheres.” What wonder is it that, like many another genius, he was meagerly appreciated by his countrymen. All the more credit is due to those who actually did purchase his canvases in the years gone by, and who can pride themselves not so much on having acquired works whose value in money they have seen double and quadruple, but upon having the fineness of vision to recognize mastery in art when that mastery was unperceived by the great majority of picture lovers.

Although a figure painter of high attainment, Rose gave his greatest love to landscape. The poet in him was responsible for this, and made him an exponent of the highest form, as well as the newest mode of expression that civilization has developed in the artist.

Few lovers of art have considered how recent was the coming of landscape painting. Before the latter part of the Sixteenth Century there was no such thing as pure landscape, the nearest approach to it being the formal and decorative arrangements which painters invented as backgrounds for their figure subjects, such as the hillsides with castles that stood behind the Florentine madonnas. Not until the days of Claude Lorrain (1600-1682) and Jacob van Ruysdael (died 1682) did artists paint pictures whose real subject was landscape, and with them and their followers picturesqueness alone was the thing it was sought to express—Claude with his romantic classical compositions and Ruysdael with his waterfalls, mountain passes and roadside scenes, set down with little regard for natural color. The early English landscapists, Old Crome and Constable, followed this tradition, making the picture rely upon the interest of the subject. It was the Barbizon painters who broke away from this and made the mood of nature their real theme, expressing it mainly by synthesis in brush work, that is by leaving out detail and calling into play the imagination of the beholder; method more than color was relied upon. Corot painted almost in monotone and Inness used to boast of the few colors he needed to make a picture.

But a great Englishman had already broken upon the world with a blaze of color, suddenly and without precedent. Turner, who had begun his career by painting in grey monotone, relying on the Dutch tradition and developing it with romantic landscapes and with storms and wrecks at sea, without warning changed his method (not his subjects) and began to spread on his canvases the most amazing color the world has ever seen. Reds and golds and deepest blues lept out of his pictures in gorgeous harmony, and the public, for once, was surprised out of its conservatism and gasped in admiration. It could not argue, for it knew there was red and gold in the sunset and that the sky of Venice was blue. But Turner, despite some points of resemblance, was not the father of Impressionism. His viewpoint remained the same as Claude Lorrain's and the Dutch masters; it did not even anticipate the Barbizon school. *Subject* with him was everything, and it was never the mood of nature, as with the men of Fontainebleau, or *light*, as with the Impressionists; and his subject in his most gloriously "Turneresque" period was simply the color he saw in the sky and in mountain distances, as in his earlier "grey period" it was romantic castles and the drama of the sea. But, if he was not the father, Turner was decidedly the precursor of Impression. His daring in the use of color led artists to dare to paint light, to make *light* rather than *romance* or *mood* the subject of landscape painting.

The public was confronted with something new in Impressionism, and it behaved as it always has behaved in the face of such a contingency. It was not accustomed to seeing light as a medium for the expression of beauty; it showed resentment and hate; it fought the innovators with abuse and apathy. Monet and his colleagues faced a heart breaking struggle for recognition in France, Twachtman and Robinson and Rose in America, Corinth in Germany. Monet, who with Pissarro had taken refuge from French indifference in London in 1870 and was there fortified by the daring of Turner (who had died twenty years before), still lives at the age of 85, the beloved idol of France; and Childe Hassam still paints in the East, the most successful of living American landscapists. But Twachtman, Robinson and Rose are dead, and now repose with the laurel on their graves that should have bound their brows.

The Impressionist painter sees not the object, but the light that reveals the object, and in painting that light, in all its infinite

hues and gradations, compels the object to present itself to the vision. It is the ultimate refinement of seeing and permits the beauty loving eye to partake of a feast that is denied to him who merely sees objectively. "Impressionism," says one French writer, "renews landscape by a loving and intelligent treatment of light, and, in its desire for intensity, discovers the new technique which decomposes tone in order to reinforce it." Tone is decomposed and light thus obtained by taking the component colors in a scene and placing them, not superimposed upon each other or mixed on the palette, but in juxtaposition to each other in all their purity, so that they unite in the vision when viewed from a little distance. These pure colors, uniting, vibrate together, thereby producing the illusion of light, and that is what is meant when we say the light rather than the object itself is painted.

This, then, is the language of Impressionism. Now any language—the language of art, the language of music, the words and cadences that make up the language of speech—is simply a means of expression. It is not the language that is so important, but the thing that is said by means of it. There was a tremendous idea in Lincoln's mind when he wrote the Gettysburg Address, and he put it in matchless prose. Dickens' heart thrilled with surpassing kindness when he wrote the Christmas Carol, and he put it likewise into prose, but prose that is wondrously simple and beautiful. Cicero in his diatribes against Cataline used prose that lashed and stung. Poe in "The Fall of the House of Usher" used the English language in a way that falls on the heart like a portent and haunts and numbs the spirit, and in "Ulalume" and "Annabel Lee" he used it with a beauty that charms and takes captive the ear. And as with written words on the pen of the writer so it is with pigment and technique in the brush of the printer. Of the Impressionists, Monet used beautiful and poignant prose, and so did Twachtman, but in a more lightsome and spirited vein.

But when it came to Guy Rose, he used the language of Impressionism to express the feelings of a poet who stands in worship before the beauty and the majesty of Nature. Never does he descend to prose when describing the land or the sea. Even in his least important work he speaks in poetry, and in his major pictures he attains a sublimity in lyrical expression that can only

be compared with the verse of Keats and Shelley, or a mellow and deep brooding quality that may be likened to the gentle stanzas of Spenser or certain quiet passages of Wordsworth; and sometimes there is a touch of the stirring and narrative method of Byron. The most elusive and quiet effects of nature sang to Rose as well as the clearest and most poignant ones, and he put them on canvas for the joy of those sensitive and vibrant souls who are akin to him. Sometimes he heard in nature voices so small there was nothing "twixt them and silence," and at other times their music filled the skies.

The poet in Rose touched the very heights of sublimity in such works as "Gathering Storm, High Sierras," which has the tremendous strength of Byron in Manfred, and in that masterpiece entitled "In the High Canadian Rockies." There is the depth of Byron, lover of the sea, also in "Off Mission Point," "Arch Beach Cove," and "The Passing Storm, La Jolla." From these displays of lyrical strength, we can pass to such delicate and subtle compositions as "Morning Mists," "In Arcadia," "Gray Afternoon" and "Early Morning"; thence to the mellow, brooding qualities of "Monterey Forest," "Late Afternoon, Giverny," "On the Honfleur Jetty," "The Sycamores," "The Tithe Farm" and "Sierra Vista Hill"; up to the clear bell-toned melody of "Fig Trees, Antibes," that delightful idyl of the Mediterranean coast, and "The Blue House," that amazing tribute to sounding color; and down to the romantic moonlight fantasy, "Tamarisk Trees, Southern France," which is of the very essence of dreams.

There can be no doubt now as to Guy Rose's place in art. The last obstacle to his recognition has been removed—the painter is dead. He will become a tradition in California and one of the state's glories. His paintings, once neglected, will become the prized possessions of collectors, and some day, through gifts and bequests, there should be "Guy Rose rooms" in the museums of Los Angeles, San Francisco and San Diego.

[*The descriptions of the paintings, accompanying the illustrations, are by Mr. Boswell*]

A Biography of Guy Rose

By

ANTHONY ANDERSON

Guy Rose, American landscape and figure painter, was born in San Gabriel, California, on his father's ranch, "Sunnyslopes," March 3, 1867, and is therefore to be numbered among the very few "Western artists" who are actually so by birth and inheritance. He died in Pasadena, November 17, 1925.

The painter's father, L. J. Rose, was one of California's pioneers, traveling over the Santa Fe Trail in 1858 with his family. When they were but a few days out of Santa Fe they were attacked by Indians, and their horses and wagons, including all their personal belongings, were stolen. Many in the party were killed. Rose turned back to Santa Fe, living there for a year and earning funds with which to continue to California, where he finally arrived and settled at San Gabriel within sound of the Mission bells—a place of peace and plenty. Here the sun carressed the land through almost every day of the year, here the constant breeze from the sea was at once bland and invigorating.

He bought many acres of this fertile land, named them Sunnyslope Ranch, and in a very few years made them famous for their wines and oranges. His thrift and foresight met with due reward, for when Sunnyslopes was sold to an English syndicate it brought its owner the very tidy sum of \$1,047,000. The sale had tremendous consequences. It started the boom in California. The ranch was the first large landholdings to be sold and sub-divided, and at that time the price was considered phenomenally large. Indeed, the sale created intense excitement all over Southern California—an excitement that traveled eastward with great rapidity. The eyes of the world were turned in our direction, and they haven't shifted to this day! Mr. Rose was also the owner of Rosemead, which was essentially a stud farm for his famous racehorses. He was at one time state senator, and he was always actively interested in the laws and de-

velopment of California. "A prominent citizen," but a modest one through all his forceful and helpful activities.

And now we come to his young son Guy, the subject of our sketch. His early boyhood was filled to the brim with healthful outdoor activities. He swam, he rode, he fished, and we may be sure that he was continually making shy and secret attempts at sketching, in pencil, the many beautiful things that assailed his eyes on the vast domain of Sunnyslopes. A man of brief speech, Guy Rose never said very much about his boyish dreams. Yet, of course, he was never without them—for he was an artist.

But of his school days we know the positive facts. At the Los Angeles High School, from which he graduated in due course of time, he had early shown an aptitude for art—and none for arithmetic. So, that cabalistic book closed forever, the boy Guy Rose turned longing eyes toward San Francisco, where, he had heard, Virgil Williams and Emil Carlsen were conducting a very successful art school. He remained in the northern city for some years, showing such aptitude for drawing and painting that he won a medal at the State Fair as well as many school honors. And it is to Emil Carlsen, excellent instructor and consummate painter, that he always felt beholden for the measure of success that came to him almost immediately—a measure that has overflowed with the years, till we may be almost sure that Guy Rose will ultimately be ranked among the great American landscape painters. His sincerest thanks went to Carlsen, in spite of the fact that in 1888 he went to Paris, working three years in the Julian under such famous masters as Doucet, Constant and Lefebvre. Through these three happy years he also painted constantly out of doors in the many charming country places just outside Paris.

It was at this period that he painted the large picture of French peasants which won him warm praise at the World's Fair in Chicago. This picture was reproduced in color in the Art Journal of the Exposition, and other paintings by Rose were reproduced in black and white, with an accompanying biographical sketch and appreciation. Some of these very canvases are now owned in Los Angeles.

On his return to America, Rose took up illustration in New York as a means of livelihood, and from the very first had all the work he could do from important literary magazines, all of

which, at that time, ran numerous illustrations to accompany the written word. However, he did not neglect his painting. His canvases were given prominent positions in all the exhibitions of the Society of American Artists. But in spite of his success, very great for so young an artist, Paris, the beautiful and beloved, still called to him, and in 1893 he went back to her, immediately setting up a studio and beginning to work on pictures for the next Salon. He also resumed his study of the figure at the Julian.

Both the pictures submitted by him to the Salon of 1894 were hung on the line, and he was given an Honorable Mention when he was only twenty-six years old—probably the first Californian to win a Salon honor. The larger picture, "The Flight into Egypt," was an evening effect very low in key. It was subsequently engraved by Frank French for Harper's where it was used as the frontispiece for the Christmas number. The smaller picture, "The Moth," exquisitely painted, represents a nude figure with immense night-moth wings. The "moth" lies prone on the floor, her wings scorched, before an open fire that lights one side of the figure. On the other side is an open window, through which streams the cold blue light of the moon. Rose was very partial to this "mixed" lighting effect, and he was always highly successful with it. Both these Salon pictures were later shown in New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Buffalo and St. Louis, the expositions of the last three cities awarding a medal to one or the other of them.

In the summer of 1894 Rose went from Paris to Greece to make some illustrations for Harper's, and while there he had the first and almost fatal attack of illness that shattered his health and was to disable him for part of every year thereafter—ultimately, indeed, to lead to his death. On this occasion, after a slow and only partial recovery, he traveled to Venice, also on a mission for Harper's, and there he spent two months before returning to Paris.

In February, 1895, the artist sailed for America to rest for six months in California, going from here to New York, where he lived for several years in Washington Square South. At this time he did very little painting, but he taught twice a week in Pratt Institute, and in summer he had outdoor sketching classes in the country. He also worked constantly at illustrations and

cover designs for the Harper publications, and for Scribner's, the Century and the Youth's Companion. Among the books he illustrated was an edition de luxe of Bret Harte's works. Unfortunately, he was ill at intervals, and it was only now that the true nature of his ailment was discovered—lead-poisoning caused by the absorption of white paint from his brushes. His eyes were seriously affected, and were operated upon, while at times his hands were so crippled that they had to be strapped flat to a board. Finally he was forbidden to use oil paints, or even to have them in the house, and this order was enforced for ten years—a lifetime to an artist born to handle the brush and to express himself in color.

Through all these long years of hard work as teacher and illustrator, France—La Belle France!—was never quite out of Guy Rose's mind, and in 1899 he returned to Paris once again, though it cannot be said that his health was bettered by the change. He was very ill there almost continuously for several years, absolutely unable to paint, but doing a little illustrating and working on fashion drawings for Harper's Bazar—work that was uncongenial and trying, but beautifully and faithfully done. After all, he was only doing what some of the most famous among French painters have done, and still do—exquisite and delightful fashion work.

Nor was life all irksome duty for Guy Rose at this period. Part of one winter was spent at Biskra on the Algerian Desert, and two or three unique shooting and camping trips were made from there. Trips were also taken to Italy and to California. And his wife, Ethel Rose, artist and writer, a woman of rare charm and sympathy, was always with him. She wrote delightfully readable articles for the American magazines, particularly for Scribner's, accounts of their search for fish in the brooks of France, and Guy Rose illustrated them with a fine fidelity. In truth, life was not all arduous duty—they had unexpected banquets where "cakes and ale" were served from the bountiful hand of nature. They were artists both, and when they were together they were happy.

Then, in 1904, the change to Giverny was made. Rose had known and loved for years this charming village in the valley of the Seine. It has been the home of MacMonnies, Monet, Frieseke, Richard Miller, Lawton Parker, Theodore Robinson,

the Frosts (A. B. and John), and many others, not a few of whom have done their best work there. So Guy Rose bought an old stone cottage, the humble home of generations of peasants, remodeled it, added to it, and turned it into a delightful house and studio. Here he and Ethel Rose lived for eight happy years. The quiet and congenial country life, with its many healthful occupations, and with the added pleasures of shooting, fishing and motoring, renewed his health to some degree, and he was finally permitted to paint again—and you can imagine the enthusiasm with which he seized his dry brushes and dipped them into rich and fluent oil!

It was like beginning to paint all over again, for ten years of Paris are more than a cycle of Cathay, and methods of laying on paint change overnight—and, of course, our artist's ideas had changed, too. But he set valiantly to work. Pupils came to him. He began to exhibit in the Salon, and he joined his good friends, Frieseke, Miller and Parker, in sending work to New York.

Guy Rose, it appears, was born under the star that speeds the traveler on his way. In 1912 he returned to New York with his newer work, which included landscapes as well as figures done out of doors, and these paintings, with one or two portraits painted that winter, were exhibited in New York, Philadelphia and other cities, the New York exhibition being held at Macbeth's. Then, for two busy summers—it was fine to be at work again, really at work with real paints and brushes!—he painted and taught out of doors at Narragansett Pier.

Now, ho for the West again! No place like home, after all—especially such a home as awaits all California's native sons. In 1914 Guy Rose came back "for good." He had not painted in California since he was a boy, and he had always longed to do the places that were so dear to him. He had always wanted to paint the Pacific. And he now "did" those beloved places and that glorious Pacific exceedingly well—as his pictures, shown often in the Stendahl Galleries, testify in accents of certainty. He sent two of his French landscapes to the Exposition in San Francisco, and there was awarded a silver medal. The canvas that won him the medal was later purchased for the Cleveland Museum and given a place of honor there.

One of the very first things he painted in California was,

appropriately enough, a life-size portrait of a native daughter, Miss Lucretia del Valle (now Mrs. Grady), as she appeared in the leading feminine role of John Steven McGroarty's "Mission Play." This brilliant piece of painting—in which Rose had employed his favorite diversified light, his fusion of daylight and artificial light—was sent to the Pan-American Exposition at San Diego, and, of course, it took a gold medal, as it deserved. The portrait now belongs to Rupert Hughes. Other recent California awards are the first Black prize at the exhibition of the California Art Club, 1919, and the William Preston Harrison prize in 1921. Not long ago the Los Angeles Museum purchased a large canvas, "Carmel Coast," for its permanent collection. Rose was a member of the board of governors of the Museum from 1915 up to the time of his death, and during his active years was director and sole instructor of the Stickney Memorial School of Art in Pasadena.

But it seems to be an impossible thing to rid the human system of lead poison. Rose's old trouble asserted itself again on February 2, 1921. While painting in a Pasadena garden he had a stroke which partially paralyzed him. From this he never rallied, and on the morning of November 17, 1925, he succumbed. He was cheerful to the last, for he had the faculty of taking and treasuring every little joy that life could offer. He shared everything—joy and sorrow, but especially joy—with his wife, whose devotion made his life a happy one in spite of the background that held a lurking and menacing figure of tragedy.

Rose was a keen sportsman, a skilled hunter of small game and an expert fisherman with the fly—rather unusual accomplishments for a painter. In truth, he made his friends, French, English and American, exclaim with wonder at his easy prowess with gun and rod. Essentially an outdoor man in all his instincts, a true product of California, Guy Rose met fate's ironic smile with a smile of his own—and remained unconquered to his last breath. "Take him for all in all, he was a man."

He was a man and he was an artist. You have seen how great he was as a man. No less an authority than Peyton Boswell, experienced critic and editor of art, has appraised him and placed him in his true niche in the hall of fame set aside for American painters. And that niche is not an obscure one. A lover and painter of light, Guy Rose stands erect for all time in that prismatic effulgence.

A List of the Paintings

French Landscapes

- 1—The Cabbage Patch. (Painted about 1889).
- 2—In Normandy. (1894).
- 3—Les Ruches. (1894).
- 4—Harvest Moon. (About 1890).
- 5—Le Soir. (About 1890).
- 6—"A Ma Campagne." (1900).

[All the following painted between 1905 and 1913]

- 7—Giverny Church through Vines.
- 8—August Noon.
- 9—Low Tide, Honfleur.
- 10—Winter.
- 11—Yellow Trees—Giverny.
- 12—Giverny Church.
- 13—Fig Trees—Antibes.
- 14—Early Morning.
- 15—A Normandy Farm
- 16—Autumn—Notre Dame de Grace, Honfleur.
- 17—Spring on the Riviera.
- 18—Tamarisk Trees in Early Sunlight.
- 19—Early Spring, Giverny.
- 20—The Durdent Valley.
- 21—The Loire at Tours.
- 22—Foggy Morning, Veules. (Normandy Coast).
- 23—Tamarisk Trees, Southern France.
- 24—Late Afternoon, Giverny.
- 25—Springtime in a French Garden.
- 26—Spring in Normandy.
- 27—Old Church at Cagnes.
- 28—Blossoms and Wallflowers.
- 29—In the Olive Orchard.
- 30—On the Honfleur Jetty.
- 31—The Old Inn, Honfleur, Evening.
- 32—Bridge at Vernon, Evening
- 33—The Tithe Farm.
- 34—Morning Mists.
- 35—The Blue House.
- 36—The Bridge at Vernon.
- 37—Toulon Fish Market.

Figure Paintings

- 38—The Green Parasol.
- 39—Algerian Negro.
- 40—Firelight.
- 41—The Velvet Gown.
- 42—The Chinese Coat.

- 43—The Pirate.
- 44—Pastel Portrait.
- 45—Portrait of a Singer.
- 46—By the Fireside.
- 47—"La Mere Richaud."
- 48—Sunshine and Firelight
- 49—An Algerian Divorcee.
- 50—Algerian Market.
- 51—Margaret.
- 52—"Five o'Clock.
- 53—On the River.
- 54—The Blue Kimono.
- 55—In the Oak Grove.
- 56—The Green Mirror.
- 57—Virginia.
- 58—By the Fire.
- 59—Mrs C.
- 60—The Sun Screen.
- 61—Billy B.
- 62—Jade Beads.
- 63—Under the Oak Tree.
- 64—Portrait of Miss C.
- 65—The Fisherman.
- 66—In the Studio.

*Flowers and
Still Lives*

- 67—Parrot Tulips.
- 68—Fuschias.
- 69—Dish of White Roses.
- 70—Fish and Brass Dish.
- 71—In the Dining Room.
- 72—Matilija Poppies.
- 73—Dahlia.
- 74—Bowl of Pink Roses.
- 75—Tea Rose.

*American
Landscapes
and Marines*

- 76—Girl in a Wickford Garden, New England.
- 77—At Duck Cove, Rhode Island.
- 78—Oak Grove at Carmel.
- 79—Evening, Carmel.
- 80—Carmel Beach.
- 81—Moonrise, La Jolla.
- 82—Sierra Vista Hill.
- 83—In Arcadia.
- [Harrison prize, Los Angeles Museum, 1921. This picture
bequeathed to the National Arts Club of New York]
- 84—Moonrise on the Dunes.
- 85—Trees and Sunset Sky.
- 86—Carmel Hills.
- 87—Rising Mists.

- 88—Point Lobos Trees.
- 89—Point Lobos Headland.
- 90—Along the Brook.
- 91—Salt Creek Meadows.
- 92—Out to Sea.
- 93—Arch Beach Cove.
- 94—The Passing Storm, La Jolla.
- 95—On Point Lobos.
- 96—Fisherman's Cove.
- 97—Sunset Glow.
- 98—The Road to the Shore.
- 99—The Shore Road.
- 100—Gathering Storm, High Sierras.
- 101—The Sycamores.
- 102—Across the Desert.
- 103—Rocks, Point Reamer.
- 104—Off Mission Point.
- 105—Monterey Forest.
- 106—In the High Canadian Rockies.
- 107—Gray Afternoon.
- 108—Sun and Shadow.
- 109—Eucalyptus Trees.
- 110—In the High Rockies.
- 111—Mountain Lakes.
- 112—Off Point Lobos.
- 113—Rocks and Waves, Laguna Beach.
- 114—Twilight, Laguna Beach.
- 115—The Mojave Desert.
- 116—Rocks and Pine Tree.
- 117—Vista from Point Lobos.

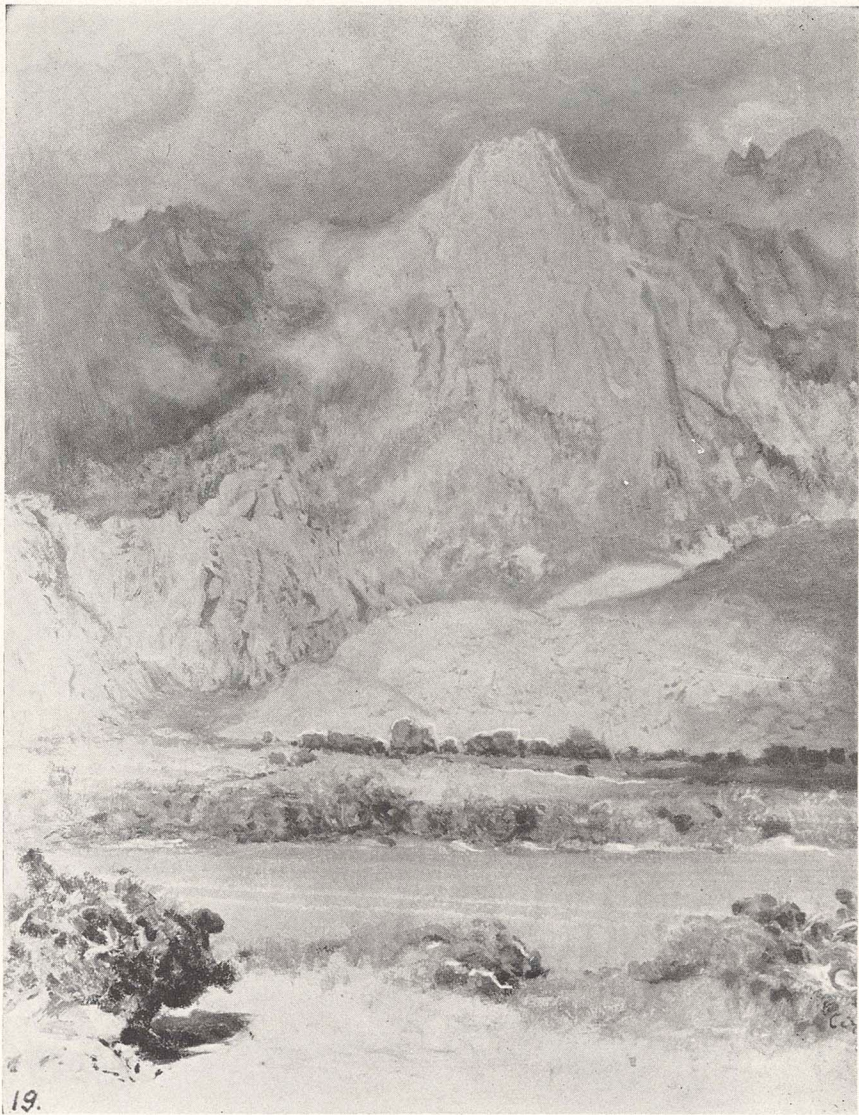
*Water Colors
and Black and
Whites*

- 118—Giverny Church.
- 119—A Critical Audience.
- 120—Girl Standing in a Pool.
- 121—The Fishing Party.
- 122—Moonlight, Chioggia.
- 123—Chinaman with a Pan.
- 124—Venetian Fruit Peddler.
- 125—San Gabriel Bells.
- 126—A Chioggia Street.
- 127—A French Courtyard.
- 128—The Churchyard.
- 129—Carmel Pines.
- 130—Lovers.
- 131—Charcoal Drawing of Plaster Cast
a Girl's Head.
- 132—"The Fly Lady."
- 133—Heading for Trout Fishing Article.



NO. 106—"IN THE HIGH CANADIAN ROCKIES"

One of the artist's master works, a poem of the peaks and clouds. As deep and rich of color as a piece of Limoges enamel, and with harmony as striking as it is entrancing. This magnificent picture is as good as anything Monet ever painted. A fine flower of Impressionism, it is yet typically American, in spirit as well as theme.



NO. 100—"GATHERING STORM, HIGH SIERRAS"

Another of the masterpieces of the memorial exhibition. It has two elements that make it great, its beauty of color and its high spirit. It is as if the genius of the clouds and peaks had entered the soul of the artist and found expression. Note how the little strip of water reflects, broodingly, the menace of the gathering storm.



NO. 34—"MORNING MISTS"

A composition so lightsome and delicate that it seems woven from the gossamer of dreams. Out of the pale green and gray, flicker tones that only an artist can see—suggestions of rose and blue and violet. One might expect to get glimpses of belated fairies among the trees.



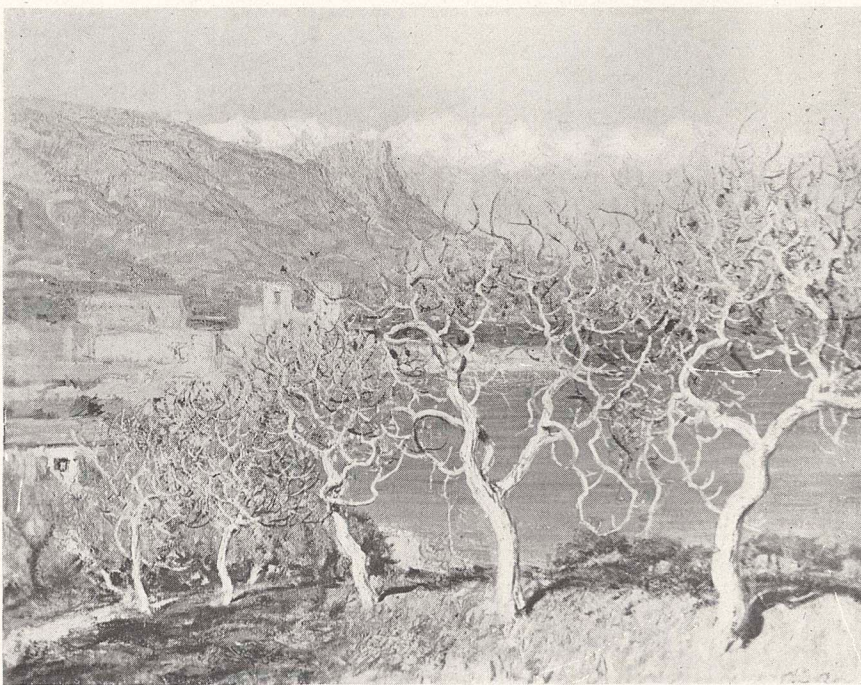
NO. 35—"THE BLUE HOUSE

This picture alone is sufficient to establish the artist as a colorist of the first order. The eye can wander all over it, from one passage to another, and everywhere find a feast, and the artistry is so great that all parts sing in harmony. It is a Giverny subject, and has an interest apart from its beauty in the fact that the "blue house" is that of Claude Monet's daughter.



NO. 30—"ON THE HONFLEUR JETTY"

The moist atmosphere of the channel coast provides color that the artist loves. This work has the beauty of a pearl, and is pervaded with drama and suspense through the overcast sky. Note how deliciously the green house serves to cool the violet tonality of the picture. The sails add a note of romance.



NO. 13—"FIG TREES—ANTIBES"

The spell of Southern France and the beauty of the Mediterranean possessed the soul of the artist when he painted this masterpiece. It is a veritable poem, its language being color put into rythm by the perfect composition of the master. Sky, mountains, architecture, trees and sea provide rich phrases for its movement. Moreover this work is a feat in painting, for few artists can maintain so high a key without losing intensity.



NO. 24—"LATE AFTERNOON, GIVERNY"

This picture is loved by artists because of its technical mastery of aerial perspective, a feat rendered more difficult in this instance by the haze that envelops the valley. It is an impression of an artists' paradise, a veritable Mecca, for Giverny is the home of Monet, who taught the world the beauty of atmosphere.



NO. 15—"A NORMANDY FARM"

Here is a work that has intimacy. The eye is invited into the heart of it, and is guided by the road and the bridge and the vista between the trees to the quaint old house in the center. The charm of early summer pervades the scene. Green is the most difficult of colors for painters to manage, but Guy Rose never failed to make it yield quality.



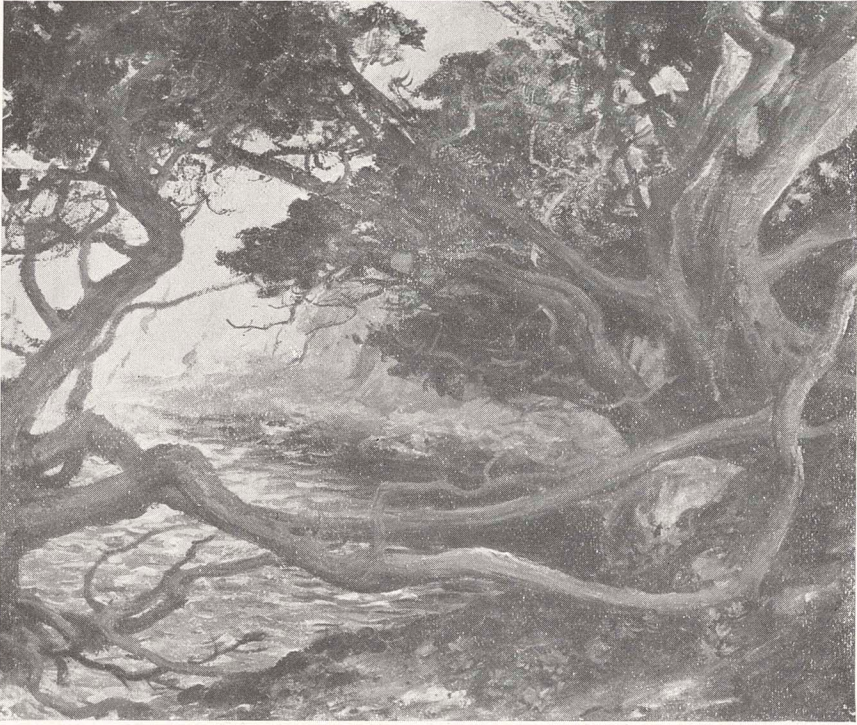
NO. 14—"EARLY MORNING"

Sylvan charm is the master's theme in this gentle pastoral of old France. He has caught the spirit of the valley with its cool early morning shadows. Painters love this picture for what, in the language of art, may be called its "atmospheric envelope." Note the passages of blue shadows in forest and middle distance.



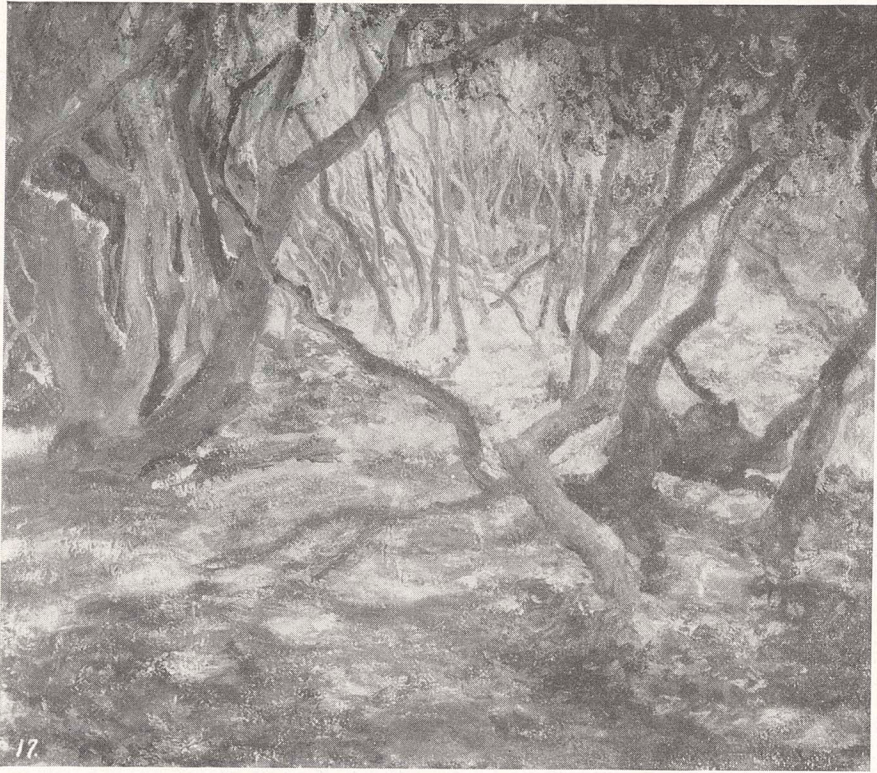
NO. 23—"TAMARISK TREES, SOUTHERN FRANCE"

It is design that makes this work so alluring and unforgettable. Seldom in all art has the silhouette been used so subtly and so effectively. A silvery and evanescent tonality enhances the poetry of the scene, creating a dream-sea before which the two figures seem held in wonder and admiration. Whistler would have delighted in painting this subject.



NO. 95—"ON POINT LOBOS"

A dramatic composition with cypress trees as a motive—tenebrous and striking. The gloom of the foreground is made deeper by contrast with the red and gold of the sun bathed cliff and the little patch of blue sky that finds its reflection in the shallow water in the middle foreground.



NO. 78—"OAK GROVE AT CARMEL"

A wood interior that shows how the play of light and shadows by a master's hand can put aesthetic order into the confusion of nature, and make its various elements sing in harmony. The clarity of the shadows and their delicious tonality is a distinct achievement. The vista beyond broods in the sunlight.